

service press notice of a new counter-
felt \$5 legal tender note, series of 1880
cheek letter A; J. Fount Tillman,
register; D. N. Morgan, treasurer; por-
trait of Jackson; small scalloped
shell.

dicted Tuesday at the office of secretary of state. It shows the fusion majority to be 2,731, the total vote being: Feyrer, fusion, 65,708; Hayward, republican, 62,992.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The court of appeals Tuesday decided that the anti-scalping law passed at the last session of the legislature is unconstitutional.

by means of a criminal operation, was Tuesday admitted to bail in \$10,000.

"Lips, However Rasy, Must Be Fed."

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"Lips, However Rasy, Must Be Fed."

For sale by Harry W. Haas, 25 West
Second street, Cincinnati, O.

THE REUNION.

It takes a week for some of us to make the journey here. But we wouldn't miss Thanksgiving if we traveled all the year!

We are the dear old homestead to the little nation's folk.

We bring a host of children, but there's no distinction found.

We're all a pack of children when Thanksgiving comes around.

You ought to see us playing tag behind the old red barn.

All running, leaping, tangled, like a living skein of yarn.

And then we all go cooing on the slope of Mount Hill.

And like as not, get "winning" round and land a jolly split.

Oh, what an appetite we have when mother blows the horn.

How good the crisp, brown turkey smells, all fattened up with corn!

The puddings and the pumpkin pie, the jellies white and red.

Ah! mother's cooking is a house from Maine to Maryland!

When dinner over, all round the wide old hearth we sit.

And live our youthful pleasures o'er, and crack our nuts and wit.

Oh! happy day of all the time that though the hours glow.

Thanksgiving in the old-time as at Grand-Old Robinson's!

—Paul Paster, in N. Y. Independent.

with his legs sticking up in the air, will be just about as pretty a sight as you'll see. William Henry's supper and her husband and two of the boys were in their places at the table waiting expectantly, that a wild shout was heard from George Washington outside.

"He's done it! Pop, he's done it! Noah's done it! Come and see!" cried the boy, in huge excitement. They all rushed out.

"There he is—see him!" went on George Washington, leaning around like a kitten. "Look at him! I saw him do it!"

The other looked up in the direction the boy indicated. Far away on a long and scraggy limb of the pine tree, a dark blot against the red of the western sky, Noah, craning his neck this way and that as he gazed at the world below.

"Good gracious alive, Melvira," cried Mr. Dassy, when he fully took in the situation. "he has done it, sure, you're born! Noah's flown into the lone tree to roost! Who'd have thought he could have done it!"

"It was a big fly, and that's a fact," asserted Mrs. Dassy.

"Big fly!" roared Mr. Dassy. "I should say it was a big fly! It's the biggest fly any turkey in America ever made. That Noah is the most—"

Just then the turkey stretched out his neck and gave a loud gobble. The first had ever been heard to utter. Mr. Dassy stopped short, struck one fist against the other, and went on:

"That peck gobbling would have to come. Nothing else but gobble, gobble, gobble."

"Well, come in before supper all gets cold."

It was an evening early in September, just after sundown, while Mrs. Dassy, in black, gold and silver, and her husband and two of the boys were in their places at the table waiting expectantly, that a wild shout was heard from George Washington outside.

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"You are, are you?" snipped the man, impatiently. "Well, why didn't you say so? What am I here for? What have I been setting around all the afternoon for? Andrew Jackson, you and George Washington go out and catch the critter!"

The boys started out, and Mr. Dassy went on: "Melvira, when you want a turkey killed you want to speak about it, not go around thinking I can read your peck thoughts. I'm ready to kill that turkey any time you want it killed."

He turned to the other boy and said: "Thomas Jefferson, you go out and chop his head off when you get him. You find the ax by the grindstone. It's time you boys learned to do such things."

Thomas Jefferson disappeared, and Mr. Dassy peeped curiously out of the window. Mrs. Dassy said not a word. Andrew Jackson and George Washington were having a good deal of difficulty in capturing the turkey. They had at first tried to approach him and pick him up as he had often done, but something unusual in their manner alarmed him and he walked off.

After several attempts they gave up and Andrew Jackson said: "We've got to run him down, George, and they both started after him. They were good runners; but Noah was also a good runner."

Around and around the barn they went twenty times, the boys two steps behind the turkey, who had his head lowered, his wings tight folded, and was taking up his position as they went. At last, however, the boys gained a little upon him.

"Fall on him, fall on him!" shouted Thomas Jefferson, to the ground.

They fell on him, and the turkey, startled by the sudden attack, sprang up and ran.

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Dassy's brother from Sand Lake was there. He looked at the blue platter and said: "Right to me, William Henry, that's a powerful queer-looking Thanksgiving turkey you've got. I'll bet a dollar there ain't any wish-bone here."

"You've hit it right, Hiram," returned Mr. Dassy. "Our Thanksgiving turkey ain't much to brag of, but it's a powerful queer-looking bird. I'll bet a dollar there ain't any wish-bone here!"

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The mines of Bavaria (coal and metals) yielded only \$7,700,000 in 1907. It is said that in Persia there are 80,000 dogs, or one for every 30 inhabitants.

Copper was used formerly in Sweden as the chief medium of exchange, and at times merchants had to take wheelbarrows worth a thousand dollars worth of copper to make a single payment.

Among the potatoes of the world who will spend some time at Paris in the year of the exposition is the shah of Persia, who expects to arrive at the French capital in October, 1899.

A balloon carrying Dr. Berson from Berlin attained an elevation of about 18,000 feet, more than 2,000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The lowest temperature that he experienced was between ten and eleven degrees below zero.

A French freeman has invented and constructed a powerful fire engine in which the power to propel the vehicle is derived from a special way of reaping the motor cylinders and also for giving a powerful light on the wheels of the engine. A special storage battery is carried, which, when charged, supplies for eight hours' use.

The land of Chang-Tung is a name given to the highest part of Tibet, a bleak and barren wilderness, inhabited only by wild animals. No part of the surface, it is said, is higher than 15,000 feet above sea level. This wonderful land, so far as elevation goes, is like the top of a gigantic mountain.

Dr. Cent, of Paris, asserts that gutting does not immediately inflect death. A French physician says that blood first comes from the larger vessels of the neck and that there is hardly any drain upon the circulation of the heart until the person has been decapitated, during which time the person decapitated retains his consciousness of hearing and seeing. Absolute death, Dr. Cent claims, does not ensue for three hours.

WRITING ON THE CLOUDS.

An Electric System for Signaling at Sea—in Letters of Light.

Ships that pass in the night will hereafter be enabled to converse with one another through separated by miles of stormy weather.

A new signaling device, which is expected to revolutionize night signaling, has been devised, which is so simple that any child may work it, and so plain that it needs no explanation. The device makes it possible for a person stationed on a ship or in a lighthouse to throw great letters of light a distance of several miles.

The new machine is an adaptation of the magic lantern principle. The lantern is a powerful one, and is supplied with a battery of dry cells in place of the lens, and the letter is thus thrown out as a beam of light.

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